THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXV. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1915. No. 47

Pac. Theo. Sem.
Reading Room
2223 Allerton st.

THE ALL-EMBRACING LOVE.

Lord of the land, and Ruler of the seas,
Whose realm outreaches to the farthest star!
All worlds are Thine, and Thy hand holds the keys
Of things that have been and of things that are.

There is no blade of grass, no leaf or flower,
But feels the quickening of Thy Spirit's breath;
And Thy still voice we hear each passing hour,
Calling the light from darkness, life from death.

We cannot go beyond Thy loving care;
We cannot leave Thy all-embracing skies;
Thy sun and stars will light us, here or there,
To tell us of the love that never dies.

—Henry Burton.

Pacific Theological Seminary Berkeley, Calif.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

$1.50 per year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific at 45 Ecker St., San Francisco. Entered as 2nd-class matter.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

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"MYSTICISM AND MODERN LIFE."

A New Book by Professor Buckham of Pacific Theological Seminary.

This book affords the best insight into Mysticism of anything yet published. Professor Buckham says in the preface: "It is the aim of the writer, in the first place, to point out the presence of mysticism in modern life and thought and then to assist in the much-needed task of sifting the normal from the abnormal. . . . Whatever tends to make religion esoteric, incomprehensible, over-refined, an affair of the elect and not of humanity as a whole, is misleading and fatal. It defeats religion in the name of religion. It is a common impression that mysticism is such. On the contrary it is not an inscrutable, exclusive religious cultus, but the gift in some form of every one who will cultivate his capacity for it."

In defining mysticism he says: "As mystery is not synonymous with ignorance, so mysticism is not synonymous with mystery. **Mysticism is the certainty that grows up in the presence of mystery. It is religion resting upon inner experience—the obverse side of mystery.**"

In a chapter on Cosmic Mysticism, Sir Francis Younghusband is quoted as writing in his book, "Within": "Of the existence of a Holy Spirit radiating upward through all animate beings and finding its fullest expression in man in love, and in the flowers in beauty, we can be as certain as of anything in the world. This fiery spiritual impulsion at the center and the source of things, ever burning in us, is the supremely important factor in our existence."

One experient is mentioned who described her experience as a return from the solitude of individuation into the consciousness of unity with all that is—kneeling down as one that passes away and arising as one imperishable, while the earth, the sea, and the heavens resounded as one encircling harmony.

We quote from Professor Buckham's personal testimony: "The writer feels bound to break through the reserve with which most of us prefer to guard personal experiences, to state that though by nature and training an intellectualist as far back as he can remember he has had what might perhaps be called, if not illuminations, inward exhilarations, bringing with them the deepest sense of reality and inward joy, which, whatever their cause or explanation, have greatly enhanced the meaning and zest of life. Perhaps the best description that could be given of these experiences would be to compare them with sudden lightening of the sky on a gray day, the falling of the sunshine at your feet, as if it were meant not for you apart and exclusively, but nevertheless for you as a particular self, with your own power to receive and appropriate its message.

"These experiences are accompanied both by clearness of vision and warmth of feeling, as if there were a sudden uncovering of the world of the spirit, letting one see into the soul of things. . . . Often these renewals of spirit come through nature, when it seems as if every grass blade and shrub and leaf were sensitized with spiritual healing and vitality. Sometimes a human hand seems to convey the chrism; sometimes it comes in solitude, with no apparent medium. While not always directly religious, these experiences have always been to me, at least, associated with a pervading sense of Supreme Love because of which and by means of which they came.

Dr. Buckham distinguishes between Cosmic Mysticism and Christian Mysticism—between the normal and the abnormal, and all in all gives to the world a book which we believe will do much for the advancement of Christianity.

In one paragraph he says: "Unless religion is the dominating power in human relationships, society is less than human. It took the insight of Jesus to brand the non-mystical type of life in one graphic consuming sentence: 'They ate, they drank, they planted, they builded, they married, they were given in marriage until—.'" Something is bound to happen to a civilization like that. It cannot continue. Either it goes down in wreck, or it finds again its spiritual heritage. Only a society in which the mystical—that is the religious—element is awakened and active, imparting life idealism, sympathy, devotion, can be normal. After all, the question is not whether mysticism can meet the test of normality, but whether life without it can be normal."

Dr. Buckham's book is published by the Abingdon Press, New York. Price $1.00 net.

CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM REGARDED AS THE CHIEF NEED.

Thoughts on Soul Hunger and How to Meet It.

In the September number of the Homiletic Review there was an interview with the Rev. Dr. B. F. Meyer, the eminent British preacher, in which great emphasis was laid on the mystical note in preaching. The interviewer had asked him what he thought was the chief need of the people at the present time—the thing their deep soul, and not their superficial taste, cried out for, the thing which the preacher was sent by God to supply. Dr. Meyer answered instantly, "Mysticism; Christian mysticism." And then he went on to tell of the emphasis which he had laid on expository preaching in the early years of his ministry. "In those days people were ready to listen to consecutive pulpit expositions. I would take a Scripture biography, or the Sermon on the Mount, or one of the shorter books of the Bible, and preach fifteen or twenty or more sermons on it. Now, that would not go down today; frankly, people would be bored to death. They want something, fresh, sparkling, thoroughly up to date."

Dr. Meyer stated in the interview that he passed next into a phase of thought and preaching which may be summed up in the word "Mysticism," remarking in that connection: "These were the days of the first beginnings of Keswick, and the gist of the Keswick movement was the indwelling Christ, the inner life; in a word, Christian mysticism. You seem surprised at that, and I admit that as the movement developed the original inspiration was obscured and other

elements became prominent. But you must remember it owed its inception to two members of the Society of Friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pearsall Smith—and stood originally for the inner light. It laid hold on me greatly, and its message became absorbed in my preaching. I recognized in it the true interpretation of Christianity, for to me Christianity is essentially mystical. We have to a large extent neglected to emphasize the inwardness of Christianity. We have, as it were, objectified it too much in our creeds and doctrinal systems. But what the world really needs today is the mystical element in Christianity. The vogue of Christian Science, New Thought, and the thousand and one forms of occultism bears pathetic witness to this. Even the most absurd, the most spurious and vicious of these cults, show the mind of man groping for vital contact with the Unseen and Eternal. Perhaps never before has humanity been so powerfully and persistently haunted by the Unseen; and what we need more than anything today is the teaching for which Keswick stood. All movements naturally tend to get stereotyped, and Keswick became identified with a theory of perpectionism or sinlessness which did not help to commend it. But it stood for an imperishable idea. Nothing is going to help people more than a mysticism which is truly Christian. Unfortunately our religious teachers are drifting with another current and are failing to meet the real hunger of the soul of man."

But Dr. Meyer had another stage through which to pass. He says that he began to see that all that he was doing, whether in Scriptural exposition or in mystical preaching, must be correlated to and focused in the practical daily life of the people. "So to flash the light of the Eternal upon time as to show people how to live soberly, righteously and godly in the present world—that is our supreme task. To tell people that the kingdom of heaven is at hand, that it is here, not far away; to teach them how to wear beautiful garments of salvation up and down the streets of the city—that is to meet the deep and crying need of the hour."

With reference to the obstacles in the pews to mystical ideas, Dr. Meyer said: "People today not only lack the prolegomena to a genuine understanding of the great mystical doctrines of the New Testament; they also lack the temper and disposition in which alone these prolegomena can be acquired. They do not know anything about themselves. They are too volatile and impressionistic. They have lost the power of concentration, of brooding attention to great spiritual realities. They live on the doorstep and not in the arcana. This life of ours is indeed a doorstep-life. Think of the rush and bustle of it, even in the religious sphere."

A GREAT NATION CONSIDERING ITS WAYS.

The last copy of one of the British religious Journals which has reached The Pacific states that many calls have come to the Nation to consider its ways. They have come from people in varied positions in life. We had been made aware of this several days ago as we looked through our London papers which had accumulated during our attendance at the National Council at New Haven and in the early weeks of this month. Some of the searching utterances have already been condensed for the readers of The Pacific in an article bearing the caption "Watchman, What of the Night?" While our judgment is that the probe is not deep enough as yet, the catalogue of sins not brought down to date, not as inclusive as it should be, it is perhaps all that the people in general will bear.

Christians everywhere will rejoice over this heart-searching on the part of many, and the effort to bring the entire nation to it.

One clarion call comes in an editorial on "Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord," in which we find a paragraph as well suited today to our own nation as it is to the British: "It is our strong conviction that our foes will never be overthrown, Britain's national mission in the world not accomplished, until Britian's soul is recovered. Our supreme need is neither of men nor munitions, but of a return to God by the filling up of valleys, the leveling of mountains, and the straightening of crooked things in our common moral life."

In our article on another page of The Pacific quotations are only from the religious journals. But such utterances are found widely. For instance Sir Gilbert Parker says in an article in the New York Times some of the things he has been saying in England and remarks in that connection: "If this war does not bring about a better adjustment of life in the English nation it will not deserve to live as an independent unit. In such case a period of tribulation under the heel of a despot might do it a world of good."

On the matter of economy alone Sir Gilbert Parker says:

"On this matter of economy we have not yet really begun to learn our lesson. The proportion by which individuals generally have cut down their expenses is not large yet. You will be told, however, that there are not so many people in the restaurants or in the theatres. That is true; but there have been withdrawn from our theatres and our restaurants an immense foreign population, particularly the population of the United States. The theatres and music halls of the more popular class have been full until very lately; and the restaurants of the more popular class have been extensively frequented. Going to a restaurant, you would hear music and you would see dancing and all the popinjay business of a numbing luxury, going on as it went on before the war. I say deliberately, from close observation, that most of the economy pursued during the past year has been the result of necessity and not of deliberate will, and therein lies the deep danger for this land. The wife of a friend of mine who holds a high position in the public life of this country was at a popular Northern watering place six weeks ago. She is a woman not given to exaggeration, of quiet, observant habits, and great tolerance of mind. She said that in the big hotel filled with people where she was staying the display of diamonds and expensive gowns, with bottles of champagne at dinner every night, made her ashamed of her fellow-countrymen.

"This luxury means that there are people making much money out of the war, even with the hands of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on their profits. They are making more than they made before the war, and they and their women folk forget the horrors of Flanders and the slaughter of the Dardanelles in the self-indulgence of the table and the theatre."

Sir Gilbert Parker's article relates itself as much to what he sees will be the future needs in his country as to those of the present. And it is here that we touch the special applicability of all these utterances to life in our own country. In and through blood-weltering Europe God is speaking today to the people of the United States. We too must consider our ways. We must prepare the way of the Lord. And the Editor of The Pacific feels that he would be heedless of the call that has come to him and grossly neglectful of the opportunity given if he did not lay hold of what is now occurring and present it here in this land in such a

manner as to cause people to think and to act in order that we may not be led into tribulation as awful as that in Europe.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Superintendent Wirt of the schools at Gary, Indiana, is given $10,000 for one week's service each month in New York for a year to introduce the Wirt system in the New York schools.

Mr. W. B. Millar, the new secretary of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, was associated with J. Campbell White as joint general secretary for five years. Before entering the Laymen's Missionary Movement work he was a Y. M. C. A. secretary.

A prominent layman in an Eastern church is reported as having said: "We pay our minister $5,000 a year; you pay yours only $3,000. We figure that in an exchange one church suffers to the extent of the difference in salaries." That layman ought not to be allowed to be prominent any longer.

A Roman Catholic who died recently left an estate valued at $75,000, with the request that one sixth of it be used for masses for the repose of his soul. More could have been accomplished for the real repose of his soul if he had expended the money in missionary work while living.

The State of Illinois furnishes copies of the Bible to be given to each convict as he leaves prison. It is praiseworthy, but a little more attention to some of these men before the occasion arose to send them to prison would very likely have lessened the number of gift books required.

The First Presbyterian Church of Seattle has the largest membership of the Presbyterian churches in this country—5,652. Other large churches on the Pacific Coast are: Immanuel of Los Angeles, with 2,313 members; Pasadena, First, with 1708; Portland, First, with 1719. The second largest membership in the whole country is in Bethany Church, Philadelphia, 3796. University Place, New York, comes next with 2950; the Central of Brooklyn has 2931; Brick of Rochester, 2593; Fifth Avenue, New York, 2434. There are 51 which have more than 1200 members. Bethany of Philadelphia has the largest Sunday School—an enrollment of 3,387. The First of Seattle has 2225.

The Governor of Kansas says: "In Kansas prohibition has relieved us of not less than 85 per cent of the evils attendant upon the sale and drinking of liquor. It is hard to believe that any one familiar with the State could hold an honset belief that the consumption of liquor has not been reduced to a minimum, and it is still harder to belief that any one could think the saloon necessary to the welfare and happiness of society if he had ever spent any time in our State. Kansas has as much right to be dogmatic on the liquor question as President Lowell, of Harward, has to be dogmatic as to the fact that two and two make four."

During the last five years the student attendance at morning prayers in the chapel at Harvard has increased 25 per cent. There has been a large increase also at the Sunday morning preaching service. A professor says concerning the chapel service: "Having no responsibility for the conduct of worship in the Chapel, I may say that I know few places where there is a service of greaer dignity and beauty, and that I have never attended prayers at any other college which approached in effectiveness the service of morning prayer in Appleton Chapel."

The 1917 Yale lecturer of preaching will be Bishop McDowell of the Methodist Episcopal Church. A Chicago correspondent writes: "There is no greater Methodist in Chicago than Bishop McDowell. A small boy once asked about a certain man, "Is he a real Bishop or a Methodist Bishop?" This same small boy would doubtless vote that Bishop McDowell is no real bishop, for he has no robes and rides the railroad trains in a business suit. For the rest of us, he is a very real bishop. He has the broad intellectual outlook, the deep and unaffected piety and the catholic sympathies that give him true episcopal dignity. He has written a readable book, "A Man's Religion." Located in Chicago for a number of years, it is now rumored that he is to be transferred to Washington.

Professor R. W. Rogers of Drew Theological Seminary writes concerning the new book by Professor Buckham of Pacific Theological Seminary: "For many years I have been a constant reader of the great mystics. I have kept a number of their best works in a revolving book case immediately accessible for the little interstices of time between hours of regular labor. I have read the chief modern books in explanation of their message and their lives, and have many of them by me. Among them all I know no book so admirably suited to introduce the beginner to the side of this great, sweet, calm lake of mystic thought and feeling as a little book by John Wright Buckham, **Mysticism and Modern Life.** I should much like to commend it to all those who have not yet found their way into the garden of nuts, where the north wind or the south wind blows, that 'the spices thereof may flow out.' "

An exconvict wrote not long ago to a judge who had promised to help him: "When I saw you several weeks ago you told me that of things did not go well to let you know. Things are not going well and I have about reached the conclusion that it is not worth while to try any longer. If it were not for Mr. Montgomery, I would throw the whole thing up right now. And if it were not for Mr. Montgomery, alone, I would have been adrift long ago. His help and encouragement have kept me going through the hardest time of my life. I have been out of prison for more than three months and I have not yet found employment. But Mr. Montgomery still stands by me, and has not yet once asked me for money. In conclusion, I want to add that if there were a few more men like Mr. Charles Montgomery, California would not need to build any more prisons."

A Chicago correspondent of the Christian Evangelist, of St. Louis, writes concerning Dr. Barton of Chicago: "There is no more outstanding figure in the Congregational ministry of Chicago than Dr. Wm. E. Barton. Pastor of the First Church of Oak Park for the past sixteen years, he has made his suburb so Congregational that there are now six churches of the denomination there, and not much of anything else religiously. Of all the great Chicago preachers, he is the only one born in Illi-

nois, being the son of a physician at the village of Sublette. Dr. Barton is a literary man, with a flourish to his pen that is noteworthy. He has written nearly fory books. For many years he has been on the staff of the Youth's Companion. He is now the editor of the Advance, once the ultra-conservative organ of the Congregationalists, and still cautious in its interpretations. His life is woven into the fabric of modern Congregationalism. Hardly any significant enterprise lacks his name upon the directorate. He was chairman of the committee on the constitution of the new national organization, and contributed more than any other man to its creed. He is a big man, physically, and the only great preacher in Chicago who has a beard. With splendid physique, deep, rich voice, and splendid control of all his powers, he attracts attention in any crowd. His preaching is strongly biblical. Without loss of dignity, it may be described as popular. With crisp Anglo-Saxon phrases, with deep sympathy for the people of the work-adaay world, he has his great auditorium packed most of the time."

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

A question asked of old is being asked today in Europe —"Watchman, what of the night?"

For a year and a half what is perhaps the most destructive war in the world's history has been waged, and today no one sees a way out. Of course the dawn will come; but when? and how? These are among the questions which are being asked all over the world by men and women appalled by the awfulness of the struggle. Each side seems as determined as ever to bring the other to its knees.

In Germany a socialist paper makes the suggestion that the men at the head of affairs uncover their purposes so that if possible the situation may be made clearer and peace be at least brought nearer, and it is promptly suppressed.

In England a member of parliament ventures the suggestion that the government try to ascertain on what grounds the Central Powers would consider peace, and he is branded almost as a traitor to his country.

Ultimately all the world would honor the nation that should declare, "We are all so sickened by this fearful slaughter that we are willing for the sake of peace to be regarded by many for a time as cowards if perchance it may be ended speedily—and we will make the advances."

While this article is being written word comes from Switzerland that there is good reason for the statement that the Kaiser will propose peace and present terms therefor soon after he has entered Constantinople. We hope that this will be done, and that the Kaiser will be magnanimous enough to make proposals that can be accepted. There is a splendid opportunity now for some Chirstlike action.

Reading the British religious journals which have come to us during the last four or five weeks we have been impressed by what seems to be a changed opinion in England as to the war. The people have been asking themselves of late quite widely whether the war is not a retribution on all the nations for their sins. For instance an editorial in the London Christian for October the 28th contained this paragraph:

"We do not at all agree with those who persuade themselves that a sudden and unexpected break-down of the enemy's force is likely to bring about any speedy issue. On the contrary, everything points to an entirely opposite conclusion—that the conflict will yet be long and very stern. For neither is the completion of our own discipline and chastisement at all apparent, nor yet the exhaustion of the enemy's great resources. Moreover, GOD will not be untrue to Himself either toward Britain or Germany; and both have still to learn deep lessons."

There was a great deal of similar thought at the annual meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales.

That great Non-Conformist leader, Dr. Clifford, in the annual sermon, catalogued some of the sins of his nation, and remarked: "And at the root of all God was forgotten. His claims were ignored and his gospel was despised." And then leaping over national lines, he said: "That is the meaning of the judgment of the nations in Europe now in process. It shows us that at the back of the colossal armies in the field there are the sins of the nations—pride of race, greed for superiority, lusts of the flesh, the building of national life on selfish, inhuman and God-defying foundations. We must humble ourselves beneath His mighty hand and seek His grace, so that we may mend our ways, and reconstruct the social order of the world on the principles of real brotherhood and solidarity."

The Rev. C. W. Piggott, in an address on "The New Earth Socially," spoke of a coming spiritual democracy which "was going to demand that they root out Prussianism in every form; it was going to demand that they brand it in its social disguise as well as in its militarism on the field of battle.....It recognized that the economic order which built the wealth of the few on the needs of the many had in it the germ of Prussianism, and that until that was cleansed away it was useless to say 'Peace, Peace,' when there is no peace. They had been inspired with moral indignation. They had called to another nation to stand at the bar of judgment. They had done a good deal of preaching, not only in the pulpit, but in the press, and by the pen of the artist. Let them look the ugly, sinister things of their own life full in the face, and ask what they could do."

The Rev. J. Cregan said, in what the British Congregationalist called "an eloquent and impassioned address": "Since May many terrible things had happened—things that filled the heart with shame. Amongst them the sinking of the 'Lusitania.' But drink drowned more than the sea; it drowned 1,500 men, women and children in three days. Drink was doing a hundred times more damage than the German submarines." And then the speaker arraigned the nation for saying practically that "whatever else had to go the drink traffic must remain untouched and unmoved."

About the same time The Christian had an editorial by Harrington C. Lees based on the Old Testament story of Joseph in which were these paragraphs:

"We must tread softly here, for men's hearts are sore and lives are darkened, and we may easily injure tender spots. Yet let us consider a few facts. Is it five years ago since we were purchasing from our bookstalls a shilling book, called Red Rubber, which told us how a King of Belgium and Belgian officers had ravaged a great African territory and brought it almost to destruction through heartless treatment? We must cast no stones of reproach

now, but we were compelled to make representations then. And was it not with a hush of awe, and almost of horror, that we saw that little land enduring at the hands of cruel neighbors what its far-distant subjects had endured not very long ago? And can we not thank GOD that Belgium has had a chance of finding her soul, and seeking her SAVIOR even in this hour of her agony? Our sympathy is with her in the fire, but our hopes are high for her when she emerges from the furnace.

"Again, look at our own land. What is the most general anxiety to which England is exposed to-day, apart from the great common shadow of suffering and sorrow which darkens all the fighting lands? It it not the possibility of a shortage of money? We shall not be ready to call this an ignoble anxiety, when we recall the fact that in many ways legitimate finance is the cement of society. But is it not true that a year ago England had so much money that she scarcely knew how to spend it, or how to circulate it lavishly enough? Yet did she in that hour consider how much larger gifts she might offer to her GOD, how much more generously she might support His work? Not so. It is not hypercriticism, but simple fact, that her extravagance was paining her noblest thinkers. Yet to-day England is giving better in the hour of her need than she gave in the hour of the sunshine.

"Take the neighboring land of France. Has it not been a distress to all God-fearing folk to see that she had politically blotted out GOD from her sphere of thought, and her national life and considerations? And is there one of us who doubts that by the gallant little force of believing England—for with all her faults England as a whole did believe—France was saved from a temporary overwhelming from which she might not have found it possible to recover, in time to save herself?

"Or again, we are distressed and perplexed at the danger to our forces from stupefying gases. We are horror-stricken at the utter barbarity of the foe. Were we ever equally horrified when we ourselves poured tons of stupefying opium into China at the bayonet's point or gallons of stupefying gin into our African colonies, in spite of every protest that could be made by man in the name of God?

"It may be that England will learn in the hour of her perplexity to cease this terrible import. This stupefying spirit which damns soul and body is no less horrifying than gases which torture the body but cannot hurt the soul."

The Pacific does not make these quotations for the purpose of damning England or any other nation, but to show that there are gleams of light in that awful darkness in Europe; that the spirit of God is at work and that the day will dawn ere long. They are made also with the intent that it may be impressed on the minds of our own people that no individual, no nation, can hoodwink God; that his eternal laws move to their issues in sure and ceaseless march. Do away with the words, "penalty" and "retribution" if you wish, but do not cease to cry out that every act has its consequences which must be borne by someone, sometime, somewhere.

We have no thought of despair as we contemplate this war. There are forces at work which must work on to their end. The nations are being scourged for their good, and out of the awful struggle will come a new earth.

Former United States Senator Beveridge, who went over to Europe to make a study of the war, writes in his recent book: "Instead of the world witnessing a combat between despotism and liberty, the facts would seem to indicate that, regardless of the laurels, democratic collectivism is being forged in the warring countries by the titanic blows of Armageddon more quickly and more firmly than decades of peace have done. The mutual spirit already has made a progress which very few ever dreamed possible." And Beveridge quotes that brilliant London journalist, Gardiner, as saying: "Whatever the result the world that emerges when the deluge of blood has subsided will be a world that will be new and strange. There will be a chasm between us and our past unlike anything else in history. It will be as if generations of normal change had been swallowed up in the abyss. The old landmarks will have gone; the things that used to seem important will have become neglible; social relationship will have been transformed; ideas that were infinitely remote will have burgeoned, as it were in a night— nothing will be quite as it used to be. Humanity will have opened not a new chapter but a new age."

"The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless;;
Love is eternal!
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us;
Christ is eternal."

THE VAST ORBITS OF GOD.

A Sermon by the Rev. J. H. Jowett, Pastor of Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York.

"And He will lift up an ensign to the nations from far, and will hiss unto them from the end of the earth" (Isaiah v. 26).

"And it shall come to pass in that day that the Lord shall hiss for the fly that is in the uttermost part of the rivers of Egypt, and for the bee that is in the land of Assyria" (Isaiah vii. 18).

That was a very startling word to fall upon the ears of the people of Judah. It shocked them into confusion. It was an altogether revolutionary word. It played havoc with their original beliefs, smashed all their insecurities, turned their world upside down. Let us try for a moment to feel the shock of the message. These people had come to regard their own land as a sort of divine or sacred reservation, and their own nation as a very privileged instrument in the hands of the eternal God, and they esteemed themselves to be in the most friendly fellowship and in the most gracious keeping of the Lord of Hosts. All their movements were the inspiration of His counsels, and in the strength of his providence their progress and their destiny were assured. The people of Judah lived in the assumption that every step in their national life was foreseen and planned and provided for, and that they were always moving toward divinely appointed goals. That is how the people were thinking about themselves.

How did they think of the nations across their frontier? That was a very different story. They looked upon other nations as struggling blindly, in their dark rage imagining vain things. They thought of these other nations as having the promptings of passion, but as being under no divine and mystic guidance. They moved hither and they moved thither, but a thousand traps were laid for their unhallowed feet.

Yonder was Assyria, full of power, full of movement, exalted in the might of her tremendous armies, but acting

under no divine leadership, under no command of inspiration. Assyria to Judah was like a boat in unknown waters, and there without a pilot, and unmistakably marked for doom. And yonder was Egypt, proud Egypt, swelling in the pride of her renown, colossal in her material achievements; but she had no divinely enlightened eyes, and she, too, was staggering on to inevitable doom. And yonder all about were other nations, but just mere masses of people, under no mystic guidance, existing absolutely beyond the frontier line of divine comfort and love and grace. These other nations dwelt in some hinterland of life beyond the orbit of the divine thought and purpose.

That was the kind of thinking the prophet had to meet. Judah regarded herself as just nestling within the home circle of divine providence, and beyond that home circle in which she cosily nestled all the other nations were outcast, living beyond the sacred pale.

Now I think we may be able to feel something of the shock of the prophet's message. "And the Lord shall lift up an ensign to the nations from afar"—the Lord's banner lifted yonder, where the Lord was supposed never to be! Far away peoples moving under the impulse and the touch of Judah's God. "The Lord shall hiss for the fly"—it is the hiss of calling—"that is in the uttermost part of the rivers of Egypt." An alien nation, far away, thick as flies, moving under the touch and inspiration of God! "The Lord shall hiss for the bee that is in the land of Assyria." A far-away nation, thick as a hive of bees, is to move under the controlling purpose of the Lord! Can you feel the shock of the prophet's message? It is the shock of a larger thought, which shocks the nation out of its easy and cosy contentment. They had conceived the divine providence as being confined to Judah's particular guidance and defence. Now this great evangelical prophet bids them cross the frontier of their own country and think in terms of a continent and a world. The fly in Egypt, the bee in Assyria, lifting their wings at the call of the Lord, staggered them into incredulity.

Now I think we may be able to see what the prophet was doing. He was seeking to enlarge their sense of the orbit of the divine movements. For the little ripple on their pool he was substituting the ocean tides. For the circle of their little hills and valleys he was substituting a line which embraced the uttermost parts of the earth. And I wish to take the prophet's message and proclaim the vastness of the divine orbit and the tremendous sweep of the divine decrees. I want to emphasize the teaching of this great prophet, that at this very hour momentous destinies may be born in nations that are far away.

Under the power of that general teaching of the prophet let us think in wider orbits of the inspiration of nations. For even in our more enlightened times we are very prone to limit our thinking of Providence within most narrow and artificial restraints. Much of our thought of the providential movements of the Lord is shut up in the circle of so-called Christian nations. But what if our fierce and decadent civilization is to be corrected and inspired by the influence of such peoples as are described by Rudyard Kipling as "lesser breeds without the law?" What if our God will hiss for the fly and the bee that are among these lesser breeds, these despised peoples?

For instance, let us imagine some modern Isaiah standing up in London or New York and using words like these: "The Lord shall hiss for the fly that is in the uttermost part of China, and for the bee that is in the land of India"! I know that a doctrine like that shocks our national sensibilities, just as a similar doctrine shocked the national sensibilities of the Jews. But such a doctrine offers us the only true explanation of the range of the divine orbit, and it may be that the reinforcements of western civilization are to come from the stagnant waters of China, that rivers of vitality will flow into our life from the meditative, contemplative, philosophic, mystic races of India. Just think for a moment of their quiet, lofty spirit of serious brooding stealing into our feverish materialism. I can but wonder what the good Lord in the vastness of this orbit is even now preparing for the world in the wide plains of China and of India.

Think of some prophet standing up in modern London with this message upon his lips, "The Lord shall hiss for the fly that is in the uttermost part of Russia"! Two years ago that would have struck us as incredible, and only because, like the people of Judah, we have allowed our sense of the divine orbit to be so circumscribed. I for one am watching with fascinating gaze the movements of Russia—not only the movements of her armies, but movements which seem to suggest the beginnings of a mighty destiny inspired by Providence in that mighty people — the suppression of vodka, the humane and beneficent treatment of her prisoners in the present war, the deep serious religiousness of the Russian people. I cannot but wonder what is to come of it all; that sad and patient people, so full of reverence, crowd upon crowd of them going on pilgrimages to sacred shrines. Superstition!—well, if you will; but I am wondering what is going to happen when what we regard as dark superstition becomes an enlightened faith, when that rich, nutritious, fertile soil of reverence begins to bear the large and gracious fruits of the evangelical spirit? What then? I know it is not easy to think it. It is never easy to widen the orbit of one's thought; it is never without pain that we begin to exercise a disused or neglected muscle. But the wider thought is the orbit of our God, and in the mysterious land of Russia great destinies may be even now at their birth.

Or I wonder what the American people would think if some modern prophet were to stand up in the city of New York and to use words like these, "The Lord shall hiss for the fly that is in the uttermost part of Japan"! It would stagger the American people into incredulity, that from that nation so suspected, so jealously watched and guarded, the great and the eternal God in His mighty orbit should be preparing His own ministries for the rejuvenation of the world. Japan—alert, alive, responsive, prospective! It must be twenty-five years ago since I heard Henry Drummond, come back from Japan, and, standing before an audience of Edinburgh students, say, "Japan is out prospecting for religion." But who was out with Japan? Even the brooding, breathing, mighty Spirit of God. And who knows what is in store for the world from that nimble-witted, keenly intelligent, enterprising people!

So I think we need in these days to hear this message, and think in wider orbits of the vast inspiration of nations. The great God—the all-encompassing God of the human race—on His journeyings, moves in tremendous orbits, and who knows from what most unlikely peoples the nations are to be made young again and civilization is to be refreshed, enriched and restored. The Lord, even in our day, shall hiss for the fly that is in the uttermost parts of the rivers of Egypt and for the bee that is in the land of Assyria.

But I want to go a step further, and urge that we think in wider orbits of the divine raising of the heroic leaders of men. In what wide and mysterious sweeps the great God works when he wants a leader of men. He never finds him where we should expect to find him. A man is wanted here at the center. He is nearly always being prepared upon the line of some remote circumference. God wants a man here, and He hisses for the fly and for the bee, and calls His men from the most obscure and unlikely places.

Here is ancient Israel. Her altars are defiled, her palaces are perverted, her worship is hollow, and she is crooked and tainted. A leader is wanted to awaken and scourge the people. Where shall he be found? The Lord hisses for a fly in a remote, wretched and despised little village of Tekoa. The fly was a poor huntsman following the flock, and this Amos was God's man. God wanted a fire in Bethel, and He began by kindling it in Tekoa. The very centre of Israel's worship was to be purified by the fire that was kindled away in absolute obscurity. What an orbit!

Come down through the centuries. Here was Christianity in peril of being Judaised. The open secret of Christianity was in danger of being limited to a botanical garden, with everything labelled, circumscribed, and confined. The religion of the spirit was in danger of becoming a religion of the letter. Wanted a man! A man was wanted who would come and break down these Judaic barriers and bring religion out into the larger and freer atmosphere of the Christian faith. Would anybody ever imagine that in order to break down Pharisaic restrictions the Lord should hiss for a fly in Tarsus, a Pharisee of the Pharisees, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, of the tribe of Benjamin, suckled, nourished in exclusiveness? The Lord hisses for his fly and brings him out, and the Apostle Paul emerges and smites the barriers and rescues the early Christian faith from the bonds of Judaic restriction.

Move across the centuries. The religion of Europe is becoming a gloss of indulgence. The Father's house has become a den of thieves. The doctrine of grace has been wiped out by a system of man-devised works. Religion is devitalized; morals have become dissolute. Wanted, a man who in Europe should be both scourge and evangelist! Where shall he be found? The Lord hissed for the fly that was in Eisleben, in the house of a poor miner, and Martin Luther came forth to defy Pope and Popery and to grapple with all the corruption of the established religion. What an orbit! A fire was wanted to burn the refuse which had accumulated over spiritual religion, and the fire was first kindled in a little village, in a little home far away from the broad highways of social privilege and advantage. Again, I say, what an orbit!

Come down through the centuries. Here is England under the oppression of a King who claims divine sanction for his oppression. Of all tyrannies—and we can say it with emphasis today—of all tryrannies the most tyrannical is the tyranny of white eyes, claiming sacred rights, the tyranny that pretends to stand near the Cross. So in the days of Charles I, wanted a man to meet and overthrow it! But where shall he be found? Will he be found in some national seat of learning? No. The Lord hissed for a fly in the Fens, and from a little farm in Huntingdon Oliver Cromwell emerged to cross swords with the king on his throne. What an orbit! A man wanted to be the advocate and champion of liberty and of spiritual religion, and God prepared this man in the obscurity of a little farm among the English fens.

Come again across the centuries! Here is slavery in the American Republic, in spite of the noble words of the Declaration of Independence. Wanted, a man to deal with it. Where will he be found? In Yale, or Harvard, or Princeton, in the university center, and a paragon of learning and accomplishment? Oh, no! The Lord hissed for the fly in Hardin in Kentucky—Hardin, with its barren hillocks and its struggling and stumpy underbrush. And there in the dismal solitudde and in a cheerless home,

The Great God Made Abraham Lincoln,

And Lincoln came forth to cross swords with the great national wrong and to ring the bells of freedom from the frozen North to the glowing South, and from the wild waters of the Atlantic westward to the calmn waters of the Pacific. What an orbit of Divine Providence! Who would have guessed that just there, in that poor, unschooled home, the great God was doing His momentous work!

And I wonder at this moment, in the very dark hour of this tremendous conflict, where the Lord is preparing His leaders of the morrow. Our God is moving in mighty sweeps, and I for one am perfectly sure that he is even now creating His leaders in the tremendous ministries of His grace; and if the prophet Isaiah were here today he might say to us, "Leaders?—the Lord shall hiss for the fly that is bred in obscurity and for the bee that is unrecognized and unknown.

I want once more to urge that we think in wider orbits of the Divine Presence in the individual life. For instance, in what sweeping lines the Almighty moves on His journeys in seeking to bring us to Himself, and to fashion us into the grace and strength of His own image! He lifts an ensign in some remote circumstance, and there flows forth an influence which sets us on the road to God. Even in the individual life He calls His ministers from distant Assyria and from distant Egypt, and our life is turned toward the home of the Lord.

Here is a careless young son of wealth in Cambridge University. Life for him is very largely an idle sport, a careless revel, a jaunty outing. His life was just a shallow, shimmering pool, not an ocean with enormous tidal force. Wanted, a man to awaken this indolent son of wealth! And the Lord hissed for a fly in Massachusetts, and there in Northfield was a poor homestead, encumbered with mortgage, and a poor widow with seven children. In that poor widow's house the Lord was making His man, and Dwight L. Moody came forth and went to Cambridge University and proclaimed the Evangel of grace, and by the love of God turned Charlie Studd from a loose, indifferent life into a passion for Christ that now is blazing away along the silent Sudan, in a great and glorious purpose, to kindle a line of Christian beacon-fires from coast to coast. But what an orbit! A young son of wealth in Cambridge—a poor widow in Massachusetts. And there, in that humble, poverty-stricken home, the Lord made His man to bring this son of wealth and culture to Himself. * * *

And our God is moving still in vast degrees. I have known the Lord—if I may reverently say it—hiss for a disappointment, and a gloomy circumstance has come and thrown a dark shadow over the land; but the dark shadow has been one of the healing shadows, and in that far-fetched

discipline the soul has come to its own. "I will come in clouds." I knew no greater and no more inspiring word in the book of devotion. Even the clouds are under command, and they do the King's bidding. There comes to my mind another word of the Psalmist confirmatory of the one I have just given. It is a great word: "Thy faithfulness reacheth the clouds." The most apparently fickle of all objects under control, moving in their undaunted orbit, disciplined, the instruments of darkness doing the King's work. "I have commanded the ravens"—I have known them come—a winged message, a kindly inspiration, God's messengers on wings. You never know just how the Lord will move His orbit to bring about the conversion of your husband or the conversion of your wife, or of your son, or your daughter. or your friend. But you may be assured of this, the Lord is moving, not in this little circle, but in tremendous paths. Let us have faith in God. "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him." The Lord is moving, but His orbits are tremendously vast.

GERMANY UNDER WAR CONDITIONS.

It is impossible for The Pacific to find articles which enable it to indicate the trend of thought in Germany to any such extent as in England.

Presumably no such expression is possible in Germany. We have published brief articles from time to time, however, which showed quite an undercurrent of dissatisfaction.

The New York Post for November the 13th contained some news notes translated from the latest available German newspapers. We make quotation therefrom:

The Friedenswarte criticises the statement in the German press that whereas the Allies have occupied only a small area of German and Austrian territory, the Germans have occupied enormous tracts of Belgium, France, and Russia. The peace journal ridicules the pride in the number of prisoners captured, and the number of cannon and machine guns taken. It remarks that in this summary of the results of a year's fighting no mention is made of the cost to Germany, of Germany's terrible toll of blood and treasure, and it is more notable still, that although Germans are regaled with these "monstrous successes," no mention is made of a time when the final victory may be expected.

The Friedenswarte punctures the boastful statements of the German Secretary of the Treasury concerning the prosperity of the Empire. What, it asks, is the object of all this eloquence? Is it to prove that under these flourishing circumstances Germans should be satisfied with the continuance of the war, and that they should no longer regret their vanished foreign trade? In quiter times, says the peace journal, wise economists pointed out that war was the most unprofitable of all industries, and that its results are out of all proportion to the capital expended. Yet here is the expert Secretary of State who would make his countrymen believe the contrary. The Friedenswarte wishes to know why this nonsense is talked about there being more work than workmen. There is no mystery about it. It is because the labor market has been depleted by the absorption of labor into the army. Stop this humbug of making a virtue of necessity, and of trying to persuade unsophisticated people that nothing promotes their general welfare more than war.

The Chief Burgermeister of Berlin, Herr Wermuth, was guilty of the same "suggestio falsi" when he boasted lately that the number of unemployed in the capital had sunk from 15,000 in July, 1914, to 3,354, and that the night asylums now shelter only one-tenth of the normal number of refugees. Are these high officials juggling with these statistics in order to prove that Germany is passing through an unexampled period of prosperity?

In the opinion of the Friedenswarte these and similar efforts are in the highest degree unworthy and dishonest. People are not idiots to believe that a year of war is the best thing that could happen to them. The German nation knows that nothing more frightful has ever occurred than this year of war. Never in the entire history of the human race has there ever occurred so hellish a destruction of the nation's best energy and life. What are these arithmetical acrobats trying to prove That a war resulting in unexampled devastation, in the desolation of a million homes, a war more cruel in one year than the entire Thirty Years' War from 1618 to 1648 is not so bad after all, because there is less unemployment than there was a year ago, and because the night refuges of Berlin shelter fewer outcasts than usual!

Women are being largely employed on the coarsest kind of work in connection with the new elevated and underground railway, which is being built from north to south of Berlin. They are doing such work as digging, shovelling earth, handling rails, planks, etc. Hundreds of them are employed on the exceedingly arduous labor of wheeling earth into lighters. The average wage is $3.50 a week for a ten hours' day.

The war begins to have disastrous consequences for German newspapers without a sound financial foundation. Raw material, in the shape of paper and ink, is said to have risen to incredible heights, labor grows more scarce and must be higher paid, and the public grows less inclined to advertise. We hear that in all part of Germany the "Käse-Zeitungen"—those newspappers whose final destination is to serve for wrapping up cheese—are rapidly disappearing with a valedictory promise to appear after the war.

In Bavaria twenty-one newspapers, and in Wurttemberg twenty-six, have announced that their selling price is to be doubled, as it is impossible to carry on business on the old conditions. Some of the newspapers of the south and west are endeavoring to make both ends meet by raising the price of their advertisements.

THE INAUGURATION OF DR. FAYETTE AVERY McKENZIE AS PRESIDENT OF FISK UNIVERSITY.

The inauguration of Dr. Fayette Avery McKenzie, as President of Fisk University on Tuesday, November 9th, marked an important forward step in the campaign for the education and elevation of the Negro race in the South. Fisk University has a remarkable history. Founded at the close of the war by the American Missionary Association, it was dedicated to the higher education of the Negro. Soon outgrowing its original home in the old army barracks, it met the problem of providing a new home by sending out the Jubilee Singers who, by their concerts in this country and Europe, raised $150,000 which was de-

voted to the acquisition of the beautiful campus of about forty acres and to the erection of Jubilee Hall, the largest of the present group of buildings. Livingstone Hall was soon added through the beneficence of the English and American friends of David Livingstone, the liberator of Central Africa. Other buildings were added from time to time until now Fisk University has a plant valued at about $400,000, although in that regard it has only made a beginning in the realization of the hopes of its founders.

Throughout the period during which so much emphasis was laid upon the development of industrial education in the South Fisk University adhered steadfastly to its mission of providing a college education for leaders of the Negro race, and now as the result of the devoted service of the band of exceptionally able men and women who consecrated their lives to the work, Fisk University finds itself, as it enters upon the second half century of its existence, in a position of acknowledged leadership among the institutions in the South dedicated to the higher education of the Negro race. Recognizing this and the need for such an institution in the South the General Education Board two years ago pledged $60,000 toward a fund of $300,000 which was completed with the aid of contributions from the American Missionary Association, the late J. P. Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, Charles A. Hull and others. This fund placed Fisk in a position to enter upon the second stage of its development into a university for the education of Negro students. The next step on the part of the trustees was to call to the presidency a trained educator in the person of Fayette Avery McKenzie, Ph.D., associate professor of sociology at the Ohio State University at Columbus, of which faculty he had been a member for ten years.

Dr. McKenzie combines with the devotion and spirit of self-sacrifice which has been the inspiration of all of those who have contributed to the upbuilding of Fisk, wide experience and thorough training in the most advanced methods in university education. He is primarily an educator. It was therefore fitting that his inauguration should be treated as a real event in the educational development of the South. Among those who made addresses were Governor Rye of Tennessee, Chancellor J. H. Kirkland, head of Vanderbilt University, Dr. William O. Thompson, President of Ohio State University; Dr. Henry Sturgis Drinker, President of Lehigh University, Dr. McKenzie's alma mater; Dr. W. W. Boyd, President of Western College for Women at Oxford, Ohio; Dr. Bruce Payne, President of the George Peabody College for Teachers at Nashville; Dr. Samuel C. Mitchell, President of Delaware College; Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones of the Bureau of Education; Dr. Stephen M. Newman, President of Lincoln University; Dr. Joseph Wilson Cochran, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Education, Philadelphia; Dr. J. Romeyn Danforth of New London, Conn., who with Dr. A. F. Beard and Dr. Charles J. Ryder represented the American Missionary Association and other leaders in the educational life in the South.

Letters of appreciation and encouragement were received from Secretary of State Lansing and Secretary of the Interior Lane; Governor Brumbaugh of Pennsylvania, with whom Dr. McKenzie has been closely associated, Governor Willis of Ohio, and the governors of several Southern states; from President Lowell of Harvard, President Hadley of Yale, President Butler of Columbia, President Hibben of Princeton, President Judson of Chicago University and President King of Oberlin, and a score or more of other college presidents, and from such friends of education as Seth Low, Washington Gladden, Edward T. Devine, Booker T. Washington and Dr. H. B. Frissell, Principal of Hampden Institute. The uniformity with which all these messages recognized the unique position and mission of Fisk University was remarkable.

Dr. McKenzie in his inaugural address upon the "Aims of Fisk, Culture and Service," while recognizing the great importance and magnificent achievements of industrial education in the South emphasized the peculiar mission of Fisk in training leaders for the colored race and especially doctors, lawyers, ministers and most important of all, teachers. As a warrant for the future he pointed out that 64 per cent of Fisk's graduates were teachers and about 24 per cent more doctors, lawyers, ministers or business men. One list showed that of the 850 graduates of Fisk prior to 1911, 545 were teachers, 45 were ministers, 25 doctors, 54 laywers. It is estimated that fully 25,000 students in the South are now being taught by graduates and former students of Fisk, while a substantial proportion of the teachers at Tuskegee and the various normal and other schools for the training of colored teachers are Fisk graduates. Dr. McKenzie pointed out that the wide influence exercised by these leaders demonstrated the exceptional opportunity for usefulness of an enlarged Fisk. The demand was so great that every competent graduate of Fisk was sure of a position of useful leadership. Indeed, the demand for teachers trained at Fisk far exceeds the supply. Dr. McKenzie ended his address with the statement, "Let us dare to be a University."

It now seems to be recognized by those who are behind the great movements for education in the South that perhaps the greatest unfilled need of the colored people is a real university where the best men and women of the race can be educated for leadership and that Fisk furnishes the best existing foundation for such a university. Its location at Nashville, the most important educational center in the South, is most favorable. Fisk has behind it half a century of sound tradition and magnificent achievement. She has the support of a band of alumni scattered through the various Southern States who already furnish a very substantial part of the intellectual and moral leadership among the Southern negroes. Its record is singularly free from mistakes. Perhaps the most important of all the advantages is that Fisk University has maintained the most cordial relations with the white people of the city of Nashville, and the State of Tennessee. That Fisk University is regarded as one of the important institutions of Nashville, entitled to the cordial support of the entire community was voiced upon Dr. McKenzie's inaugural not only by the Governor of the State but by the heads of all the important Nashville institutions for the education of white students.

All that Fisk now requires to enable her to fulfill her great mission is money for increased plant and adequate endowment for an increased teaching force. Dr. McKenzie and his associates have faith that the wise men who are studying the educational needs of the South will see to it that Fisk receives the money to complete the structure whose foundations have been laid by half a century of devotion, self-sacrifice and wise administration.

NATIONAL COUNCIL EXECUTIVE CONMMITTEE MEETING.

The Executive Committee of the National Council met in Boston, November 10, and organized for the coming biennium by electing Rev. Charles F. Carter, chairman, and Rev. Ernest G. Guthrie, secretary. Arrangements were made for the transfer of the treasury January 1, at which time Rev. John J. Walker of Boston assumes charge in

place of Rev. Joel S. Ives who has so long and painstakingly cared for the Council's funds. The detail of accounting will be in the hands of Rev. O. E. Harris who comes from his pastorate in Mansfield, Ohio, to act as Assistant to the Council's Secretary. The minutes of the meeting of the Council at New Haven were corrected and approved. The printed volumes containing 450 pages will be ready by January 1. Congregational ministers not delegates to the Council are reminded that a postal card request should be sent at once if a copy is desired.

Action was taken with reference to the transfer of the Social Service work from the Council office to the Education Society. It is hoped that this may take place January 1, although some aid from the Council treasury will be given for a longer period in order to enable the Education Society to adjust itself to its increased burdens.

Various matters referred by the Council to the Committee were placed in the hands of sub-committees to report at a meeting which will be held in Chicago next January.

CHARLES F. CARTER, Chairman.
HUBERT C. HERRING, Secretary.

Among the Churches.

San Bernardino.—The fellowship team, composed of the five pastors, Rev. Geo. F. Mathes of Rialto, Rev. J. C. Hall of Barstow, Miss Hester Alway of Bloomington, Rev. C. W. Greenlee of Etiwanda, and Rev. H. B. Mowbray of San Bernardo, held large and enthusiastic "efficiency" meetings in their respective churches afternoons and evenings of last week. Among the other good things done was the securing of some subscribers for The Pacific.

Saratoga.—Five members were received into the church at the last communion, all by letter. Among this number were Rev. and Mrs. B. F. Bazata, formerly of Burlingame, who have built a home near Saratoga. Recent events in our church life here included a Harvest Home Social, at which the church was crowded to capacity, and a Sunday morning address by Miss Josephine Eschenbrenner, a secretary of the National Child Labor Committee. Interest in all branches of the church work is increasingly good.

Campbell.—Our Endeavorers recently gave us a treat when they asked Seargent P. C. Goss of the U. S. Marines to give his illustrated address on "Floating Work". The pictures were fine and the talk better. Last Sunday was "Go-to-Church Day" for Campbell. The pastors of the two churches made a personal canvass leaving an invitation in every home in Campbell. The Pastor of the Congregational Church wrote some editorials for the paper and had 20 persons in different parts of the community busy during the week previous. The services were very largely attended as a result, between 450 and 500 attending our services with similar results in the M. E. Church. In the morning the pastor spoke on "The kind of sermons that help me most," taking the replies to that question as given by the people for his message. It was an illuminating symposium, especially for the Preacher! One thing that pleased the Pastor very much was an offer by the Endeavor to help out in the evening services as he was suffering from a severe cold. Such loyalty and willingness to help without being asked is indication of a fine spirit on the part of the young people.

A UNIQUE SERVICE IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH, OAKLAND.

Last Sunday morning a service for the commissioning of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Whitaker for missionary work in China was held in Plymouth Church, Oakland. Mr. Palmer was ill and unable to be present; accordingly the entire service was conducted by Secretary Kelsey of the American Board, who was on the program for the presentation of the commissions. Dr. Kelsey spoke on the words of Paul, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." The address presented very impressively the greatness of the work in which the gospel heralds are engaged in foreign lands and in the homeland. If any who heard it were not interested in foreign missions they have no good reason for lack of interest any longer.

After the presentation of the commissions from the American Board the right hand of fellowship was given by Dr. John Gulick, the veteran missionary, and father of Mrs. Whitaker. Before this Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker were received to membership in Plymouth Church and their two children were consecrated in baptism.

The "right hand of fellowship" was with reference to the missionary endeavor on which Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker were to enter, and was especially significant that it was given by Dr. Gulick. About the middle of the last century he was working in China as an independent missionary. After serving there for ten years it became necessary that he have a change of climate and he accordingly took up work under the American Board in Japan, where he served for 25 years. Now, passing the remaining years of his life in Hawaii, and for a time in California, he takes part in sending forth his daughter and her husband, and two grandchildren, to the land to which he gave himself nearly sixty years ago. It was a blessed privilege to which he had part in introducing them. No one knows the difficulties of the work more than Dr. Gulick knows them, and none know more the joys of it.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker spoke of the satisfaction with which they looked forward to the work.

Mr. Whitaker said he believed that in China he could best invest his life. And Mrs. Whitaker said that they were going out to try to find what God was doing in China and to help to do it as they might be able.

They go out now as the representatives of Plymouth Church, in which there is already more missionary interest than ever before because of the links thus forged.

Tuesday of this week they took departure for Honolulu where they are to spend the Christmas time and whence they will go in January to their posts in Shao-wu, China, 250 miles inland and about half way between Shanghai and Canton.

For the past year Mr. Whitaker was pastor of the Congregational church at Paradise, California.

THE LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT MEETINGS.

At the Monday meeting of the ministers in San Francisco Secretary Kelsey of the American Board spoke concerning the Laymen's Missionary Movement meetings to be held here in February and outlined the plans for such Congregational cooperation as would make them as fruitful as possible in our churches in this part of California. Probably meetings will be held simultaneously, or about the same time, in San Francisco and Oakland, and the

churches at a distance of fifty or more miles from these cities will be invited to participate. There will be no interdenominational dinner as there was six years ago, but such denomniations as desire will have their own rallies and dinners from which they will go to the general meeting in some large auditorium.

Congregationalists will consider the plans at the meeting of the Bay Association on the 7th of December and appoint committees with reference thereto. Wherever the meetings have been held thus far in the East since they began in October there have been a much larger attendance and much more interest throughout than six years ago.

Secretary Kelsey goes to Los Angeles and Fresno early next month for further arrangements in these cities. San Diego and vicinity has been brought to see that here is an effort to line up the men of the church to a work well worth while and there is already much promise of a very successful meeting there as well as in Los Angeles.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Dr. Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary has accepted the chairmanship in California of the Belgian Relief Committee and is doing a large amount of work thereon.

The Rev. Stanley Ross Fisher of Los Angeles has accepted the call to Fall River, Mass., and declined the one to Hinsdale, Ill. Mr. Fisher will be greatly missed in the Southern California fellowship.

At Pittsburg the parsonage which was built not long ago at a cost of $2,700, though occupied by Pastor Champlin and family, is used quite freely for committee meetings and small gatherings to further community interests.

The First Congregational Church of Alameda lost last week in the death of Mrs. Coryell a greatly beloved member. She was 90 years old, faithful and consecratedly interested in the work of the church and the denomination always.

Superintendent Rathbone and Secretary Brown of the American Board went this week to Humboldt county for a field campaign of ten days or two weeks. They are doing some fine work in this way here and there throughout the conference.

The Rev. B. C. Preston has resigned at Petaluma and has accepted the call to Palo Alto. A committee on the pastorate has been appointed at Petaluma of which Mr. W. J. Peters is secretary. Mr. Preston expects to enter on the work at Palo Alto the first of the month.

A Booker T. Washington Memorial Service was held in Calvary Church, Oakland, Wednesday evening. Addresses were made by Mr. Campbell, pastor, and by Rev. G. C. Coleman of the colored Baptist church. A sister of General Armstrong, forever revered by the negroes, was present at the meeting.

The work at Rio Vista is under the direction temporarily of Field Secretary Burr. Notwithstanding the organization there recently of a Baptist church the people are hopeful and determined. A large choir loft has been built in the auditorium and there is a choir of 25 young people which is rendering good service.

The Rev. George W. Hinman, Coast Secretary of the American Missionary Association, expects to be home by the first of December. He has been traveling in the South, making a study of the educational institutions and needs among the negroes. Mrs. Hinman was to leave Rochester, New York, the 23rd of this month, meet Mr. Hinman in Arizona and together visit the Grand Canyon.

Angie Bruce Stiles passed quietly into the other life Sunday afternoon at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Miles B. Fisher. Mrs. Stiles was the widow of an Congregational minister who rendered service in Michigan which makes his memory fragrant still. She was a cousin of the Rev. William Brooks of Los Angeles. Friends gathered Tuesday afternoon at the funeral service in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fisher in Berkeley.

The book on Old Testament literature and life which Dr. Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary has been preparing for several years has been published by the Houghton, Mifflin Company, of Boston. Those who have seen parts of this book speak in most praiseworthy terms of it. The publishers anticipate for it a large sale. A copy is on the way to the office of The Pacific, and we shall give our readers a look into it at the earliest date possible.

Monday evening December the 20th the Congregational Club of the bay cities will hold a meeting in the First Congregational Church of Alameda at which time the principal address will be given by Dr. Van Horn. Dr. Brooks is to speak also. This will be in observance of Forefathers' Day and there will be a dinner in connection. It is hoped that our people will bear it in mind and plan to attend in large numbers. We need more of the oldtime getting together for fellowship.

Superintendent Rathbone and Field Secretary Brown spent last week among the Armenians in and near Fresno. Speaking of it at the Monday meeting of the ministers Mr. Brown said that it was largely a work of binding up the brokenhearted. Mr. Rathbone spoke of it as one of the saddest and yet one of the most inspiring experiences of his life. What came to them there among the Armenians turned their thoughts back to early century experiences in the Christian Church in those lands where that people is now subject to the awful actrocities of the despicable Turk. Our Armenian Church at Fresno has contributed $2500 toward the relief of the survivors.

Dr. Van Horn's recent series of Sunday evening sermons on Love and Marriage, given in the First Congregational Church of Oakland, created much interest. There was nothing sensational in them, though some people may have thought so from some newspaper reports. While he was giving them Dr. Van Horn said: "I relish criticism of these sermons. Though I tell some funny stories the sermons themselves are far from funny. Everything about them has a serious point, even though they touch on the philosophy of humor." One Oakland paper quoted Dr. Van Horn as saying: "Every church ought to have a parlor as beautiful as the parlor in the finest home. I had one in my Seattle church. I saw

people meet there; saw them fall in love there, and I married them there."

The Rev. Dr. Aked spoke in Pasadena Wednesday of last week concerning the atrocities in Armenia. The Daily News of that city reports him as saying: "These outrages are not the result of fanaticism or the atrocities of an ignorant band of soldiers, but the deliberate plan of high officials of the government. I have not words to tell all I know. Mind can scarcely conceive the truth." "Here emotion almost overcame the speaker and he almost lost control of his voice," says the News. "Then he told of the time he was a student in England when Gladstone was pleading with his country to defend Armenia, and Disraeli insisted that England should defend the Turk regardless of his crimes and murder. He gave a tremendous denunciation of England, declared England was now paying the penalty for her former heartlessness at the time she could have saved the Armenians." Dr. Aked while South gave his address on "An International Conscience" in the First Congregational Church of Pasadena, and spoke also at the meeting of the Los Angeles Association at Venice.

The San Francisco Chronicle contained a brief communication a few days ago over the signature of "J. H. Morse." We presume there was a mistake in the initials and that the item was from Deacon I. H. Morse of the First Congregational Church. It is well worth repeating: "Editor The Chronicle—Sir: I observed by report in The Chronicle Wednesday morning, that 'All references to the church' were jeered in the meeting of the American Federation of Labor: In order to keep the record straight, would it not be well to call the attention of the Federation to the following facts: First—Nine-tenths of the church membership of the world is made up of men and women who have to work for their daily bread and are the support of the church financially and in every other way. Second—All that the world enjoys in industrial progress is due to the church; without the advent of the founder of the church, on the plains of Bethlehem, the laboring man would be where he is still in all countries where the influence of the church has not reached. The very fact that the workingmen of America have sufficient money to pay the expenses of the delegates to the convention which is now in session here is due to the elevating of the laboring man by the influence of religion. I think these facts, which cannot be refuted, should be stated at this time."

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY LOS ANGELES ASSOCIATION.

The following resolutions were passed at the 29th Annual Meeting of the Los Angeles Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers, November 16, 1915. The Association voted to ask The Pacific to publish the same.

E. H.W.

Resolution On Peace.

"Whereas, Owing to the deplorable and distressing conditions of war nearly world-wide, brought on by militarism and preparadness for war,

We, as the Los Angeles Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers do implore and caution our President Wilson and Congress not to go too far in encouraging the jingo spirit or commercialism which includes an excessive expenditure for war munitions.

Resolved, that while we believe in reasonable preparadness for self-defense, we believe also in preparing for universal and perpetual peace."

Armenian Resolution.

Christians throughout the universe are compelled to listen with aching hearts, to imploring voices for bleeding Armenia.

The international conflict in Europe has furnished the much craved opportunity to the cruel Turk.

Armenian blood is crying unto God from Armenian ground. By the silent eloquence of events God is asking His redeemed people to be His listening ambassadors. He is saying to us, inasmuch as ye are doing unto these helpless sufferers ye are doing unto me.

Your committee recommend that the churches of our association recognize in this pathetic Armenian appeal a burning bush aflame with the voice of Jehovah calling us to relieve His afflicted Armenians.

Your committee recommend that our churches take concerted action looking toward the designating of some day in the near future for the holding of municipal mass meetings with a view of creating an intelligent interest in this long suffering people.

Your committee recommend that this association appoint a special committee to consider all the bearings of our obligations and to initiate some feasible movement that will carry the hearty co-operation of the people of this association.

Booker T. Washington Resolution.

In the death of Booker T. Washington, the world has lost one of its greatest benefactors. To him both the white race and the black race are deeply and everlastingly indebted. By the example of his strenuous life he illustrated to both races, the value of character and training, as a force for good in the world.

He taught more effectively than is taught in any other place or institution in this or any other country—that the discipline of the school can and must fir for usefulness in life. The Tuskegee Institute created by him is the finest example in the educational world of the practical value of the systematic, skillful and conscientious training of head, hand and heart.

Everything considered, in its inception, development, and influence, this great school is the greatest monument that could be left to the memory of a great and good man.

But Booker T. Washington was not only pre-eminent as an educator, the leader of his people, a noble example for all men of all races,—he was also a simple, sincere, God fearing man.

It is fitting, therefore, that this association pause to recognize and contemplate the splendid force that has just passed from time into eternity. We commend the character and achievements of Booker T. Washington to our fellow men, and especially to the young and rising generation His life was and is and will continue to be an inspiration and a service to mankind, and while we mourn his present loss, we rejoice and are thankful for the rich life he has left us as a heritage.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

By J. Edwards.

The Spokane Congregational club had a banquet at the Davenport hotel last week. About 150 sat at the tables. It was the second meeting of the club and final organization was effected. The club has been organized on a broad basis to take in extension work in the city and suburbs.

T. H. Brewer, president of the Fidelity National Bank, is the president of the club, and Arthur W. Davis, a prominent lawyer, is first vice-president, and Geo. Sholer, secretary There is to be a vice-president from each church in the city, and some of the strongest laymen in the city are on the various committees, and Dr. Harper is chairman of the extension committee.

Following the banquet there were some stirring speeches given by Drs. Mason and Scudder of Seattle, and also the veteran Dr. Samuel Greene. Rev. Carl S. Veazie of this city gave his impressions of the National Council.

The banquet and the after meeting were a great success, and much good is expected from this new Congregational club. As a matter of history I will mention that there was a flourishing Congregational club in this city twenty years ago, and some of the public meetings held under its auspices on Forefathers' day and other occasions were of a high order.

The state conference home missionary committee met in this city last week. They looked over the whole field and tried to arrange to make up the deficit before the close of the year, and are confident it can be done. Rev. E. A. King, the newly elected executive secretary is making an heroic effort to that end.

Rev. E. A. King preached at Pilgrim church last Sunday, both morning and evening.

The Hillyard church had its annual banquet last Friday evening, and over a hundred people were feasted. A congregational meeting followed when reports from the officers were read. It was found that all bills were paid and some balance in the treasury. A spirit of hope prevailed and a supply committee was appointed with instructions to seek a permanent pastor at the earliest opportunity. There are several candidates already available.

President Penrose and Professor Anderson, and Dr. White, of the First church, have returned home to Walla Walla from the National Council, and report having a splendid time.

The National Apple Show is in progress in this city and is drawing large crowds. It is claimed that the display of apples could not be excelled in any part of the world, and many of the prize winners are from the Spokane valley orchards.

Spokane, Wash., Nov. 19, 1915.

The Home.

A PRAYER.

When over that abyss I pause at last,
  Called Death, the temporary stay
'Twixt life and life's successor; then when fast
  My soul resolves itself like spray
Swirled from the firm companion-rock of sense—
Be with me, Christ, with your strong recompense.

When my dim spirit wavers in the dark,
  And moves from the white gates of flesh,
The throbbing caves of sound where sings the lark,
  The rosy finger-tips, the mesh
Of life, the dazzling mirrors of the eyes—
Be with me, Christ, and bid my soul arise.

When in that hour my selfhood sinks away,
  Beneath the palpitating screen
Of sense, and struggles with the clog of clay,
  Fear-spent, to be as it has been,
Trembling before the strange, eternal sea—
Be with me, Christ, with your eternity.

—Julia Cooley in Harper's Monthly.

DOING OUR BEST.

When a good woman was asked what she should do, if a certain contingency were to arise, she answered, gravely: "I should do my best to make things come out right." Her answer embodied all that was essential. If it was her purpose to do her best, the effort that she would put forth would call for every superlative bit of character she could summon. She could not do any more than that; no one of us can. Our best is—our best.

Our best is far removed from what we are. We never come to our best until we have reached our final bit of staying power; until we have been ready to spend the last remnant of love and patience and generous living. Our best is to be found at the end of all that is good and pure and wise and brave and holy. A man never reaches his best until he has traversed a way that cries out for every ounce of manly stuff that he has in him. That is what our best is! And there are few of us who have it in us to give our best. We may strive, with what we like to think is heroic effort, and give—our second best; but our best—ah! we are not ready to give that—it means so much, and the effort draws so upon our time and strength and intellect and resources. And so God, and our fellows, get that which is not our best.

There are those of us who could give our best if we were willing. We possess all the faculties that are needed. We are intelligently informed as to the process. We have strong, steady, and sturdy qualities well within our grasp which, once we have laid hold of them, would put us in fine fettle for doing our best; and what is more, there are few hours in the day when there are not some things, that touch our lives, that suggest the attractiveness of such a course. The best could be made to fit, in a normal way, into the everyday affairs of most of us. And yet, there are too few of us who are ready to undertake the task of doing our best.—Zion's Herald.

THE KING'S PICTURE.

The king from the council chamber
  Came, weary and sore of heart;
He called to Cliff the painter,
  And spoke to him thus apart;
"I'm sickened of the faces ignoble,
  Hypocrites, cowards, and knaves;
I shall shrink to their shrunken measure,
  Chief slave in a realm of slaves.

"Paint me a true man's picture,
  Gracious, and wise, and good,
Dowered with the strength of heroes
  And the beauty of womanhood.
It shall hang in my inmost chamber,
  That, thither when I retire,
It may fill my soul with its grandeur,
  And warm it with sacred fire."

So the artist painted the picture,
  And it hung in the palace hall;

Never a thing so lovely
Had garnished the stately wall.
The king, with head uncovered,
Gazed on it with rapt delight,
Till it suddenly wore strange meaning—
Baffled his questioning sight.

For the form was the supplest courtier's,
Perfect in every limb;
But the bearing was that of the henchman
Who filled the flagons for him;
The brow was a priest's, who pondered
His parchment early and late;
The eye was the wandering minstrel's,
Who sang at the palace gate.

The lips, half sad and half mirthful,
With a fitful trembling grace,
Were the very lips of a woman
He had kissed in the market place;
But the smiles which her curves transfigured,
As a rose with its shimmer of dew,
Was the smile of the wife who loved him,
Queen Ethelyn, good and true.

Then, "Learn, O King," said the artist,
"This truth that the picture tells—
That in every form of the human
Some hint of the highest dwells;
That, scanning each living temple
For the place that he veil is thin,
We may gather by beautiful glimpses
The form of the God within."

—Helen Bostwick.

For The Children.

THE BOY WHO FORGETS.

I love him, the boy who forgets!
Does it seem such a queer thing to say?
Can't help it; he's one of my pets;
Delightful at work or at play.
I'd trust him with all that I own,
And know neither worries nor frets;
But the secret of this lies alone
In the things that the laddie forgets.

He always forgets to pay back
The boy who has done him an ill;
Forgets that a grudge he owes Jack,
And smiles at him pleasantly still.
He always forgets 'tis his turn
To choose what the others shall play;
Forgets about others to learn
The gossipy things that "they say."

He forgets to look sulky and cross
When things are not going his way;
Forgets someone's gain is his loss;
Forgets, in his work time, his play.
So this is why I take his part;
Why I say he is one of my pets;
I repeat it, with all my heart,
I love him for what he forgets!

—Gertrude Hockbridge.

AN OLD FABLE.

Once a poor crane was caught in a net and could not get out. She fluttered and flapped her wings, but it was of no use; she was held fast.

"Oh!" she cried. "What will become of me if I cannot break this net? The hunter will come and kill me, or else I shall die of hunger, and if I die who will care for my little ones in the nest? They must perish also if I do not come back to feed them."

Now Trusty, the sheep-dog, was in the next field and heard the poor crane's cries. He jumped over the fence, and, seizing the net in his teeth, quickly tore it to pieces. "There," he said. "Now fly back to your young ones, ma'am, and good luck to you all."

The crane thanked him a thousand times. "I wish all dogs were like you," she said. "And I wish I could do something to help you as you have helped me."

"Who knows?" said Trusty. "Some day I may need help in turn, and then you may remember me. My poor mother used to say to me,—

" 'To do a kind deed wherever we can
Is good for bird and beast and man.' "

Then Trusty went back to mind his master's sheep, and Mrs. Crane flew to her nest, and fed and tended her crane babies.

Some time after this she was flying homeward and heard a sad moaning sound, and, looking about, whom stopped at a clear pool to drink. As she did so she should she see but Trusty, lying on the ground, almost at the point of death. She flew to him. "Oh, my good, kind friend," she cried, "what has happened to you?"

"A bone has stuck in my throat," said the dog, "and I am choking."

"Now, how thankful I am for my long bill!" said Mrs. Crane. "Open your mouth, good friend, and let me see what I can do."

Trusty opened his mouth wide; the crane darted in her long, slender bill, and with a few good tugs loosened the bone and finally got it out.

"Oh, you kind, friendly bird!" cried the dog, as he sprang to his feet and capered joyfully about. "How shall I ever reward you for saving my life?"

"Did you not save mine first?" said Mrs. Crane. "Friend Trusty, I have only learned your mother's lesson, which you taught me, that

" 'To do a kind deed wherever we can
Is good for bird and beast and man.' "

—Messenger for Children.

HER TALISMAN.

Red-haired Midget was solemnly plodding her way to school when two rosy children sprang out at her from behind a hedge.

"We've got the loveliest secret," they chanted, "and you couldn't guess it if you guessed a thousand years."

Midget surveyed them with an engaging smile, and they relented.

"Will you promise never to tell anybody, live or die, black or blue?" demanded the older child.

Midget looked at her with tranquil blue eyes.

"I'll just tell my mother," she said.

"No! No!" shouted the other two with scorn. You can't tell anybody."

Midget stiffened her small back and gave her red curls a proud toss.

'I don't have secrets from my mother," she said, firmly,

and marched on ahead with an air of funny dignity.

The girls whispered together for a minute, and then rushed after her, and it was plain from Midget's radiant face that her mother was to share "the loveliest secret."

Superstitious people sometimes carry a talisman or charm which they believe keeps away harm. Midget is carrying through school the best talisman against evil—"telling mother."—Ex.

A FEW INSECT MUSICIANS.

Surely you have heard of them, a band of insect musicians. It is a treat. Who are they? Why, the crickets and their cousins, the grasshoppers, the locusts, and the katydids. They all carry fine musical instruments with them wherever they go. So a concert or a serenade can be given at a moment's notice; and I fancy they never make the excuse, "I can't; I am out of practice."

I have been kept awake many a night by the little glossy brown or black house cricket, which, well hidden behind some sort of furniture, insisted on treating me to a musical program. "I wonder if he makes it with his mouth?" I have asked. I decided to really find out, and was surprised to know where all the noise came from. You know a cricket is not slender like a grasshopper, but is short and thick, and looks as though he were carrying a little bundle of something under his wings all the time. Well, near where his left wing joins his body he has three veins on his wing. The largest is rough, like a file, and this is his "bow" for his violin. He (I say "he" because Mrs. Cricket cannot make music) draws his rough vein across the righ wing cover, which trembles and quivers, and gives out a sound—his music, in other words.

The field cricket sings all day, while the house cricket (my friend) takes the night for his concerts.

In Spain crickets are so popular they have little cages for them, as we do for our canaries; but they only have one cricket in a cage, as they will fight if put together.

"The Murmurer," as Mr. Grasshopper is called,—and I don't see why, as his songs to Mrs. Grasshopper are so loud and shrill,—makes his music by rubbing his wings together. He has a little piece of skin like a tight drumhead set in each wing, and as he moves his wings these tiny drums vibrate.

Mrs. Grasshopper doesn't have a drum in her wings, but listens to her lord's music with her ears, which are on her forelegs. Isn't that queer? Think of having one's ear in such an inconvenient place as a knee, or, as the docusts have, on each side of the abdomen! At least they have a sound-plate there, which is supposed to be an ear, on each side.

Mr. Grasshopper sits perfectly still while making his music, looking very grave and quite correct in his long-tailed dress-suit, which he always wears.

Mr. Locust, however, stands on his forelegs to sing, and is really a ludicrous sight as he lifts his hind legs and draws one by one and then both together across his wings. The inner sides of his hind legs have rough, file-like edges, and the wings thick veins, like cords; and the files of his legs on the cords of the wings produce the sound. He is a finished musician, too; for he can make two tones, and, as one or two legs are used, can make the music loud or soft.—Christian Intelligencer.

In Missouri, the law to appoint police women went into effect June 23rd. All cities of 5000 or mort have the right to appoint.

Thy lot is appointed, go follow its best;
Thy way is begun, thou must walk and not rest;
For sorrow and care cannot alter thy case;
And running, not raging, will win thee the race.
—Goethe.

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